

Syd Barret, Long Gone

She was long gone, long, long gone
she was gone, gone, the bigger they come
the larger her hand 'till no one understands
why for so long she'd been gone.

And I stood very still by the window sill
and I wondered for those I love still
I cried in my mind where I stand behind
the beauty of love's in her eyes...

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And I borrowed the page
from a leopard's cage
and I prowled in the evening sun's glaze
her head lifted high to the light in the sky
the opening dawn on her face...

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